

nothing else in the universe were sure this would be, that God has given me all the good I could bear. Uplifts, from many a failure, prove it, fierce griefs assuaged, desires crowned with fulfillment, and years led through crooked paths of self-will, yet ever, by God's grace, to a wider life. Forgive my weak forebodings, loving Father. Truly I know that Thou hast hidden the coming year from me, not because its sorrows are so great, but because I am not strong enough for its joys. What wonderful things await me, back of the sweetly mysterious cloud? There must be deeper knowledge, for Thou wilt continue to teach me; and fuller love, for the years bloom ever the richer with it; and wider friendships, for my old friends continually bring me new ones; blessed changes that mean no loss or sorrow, but only the keenest of joy. I will go forth into the year with Thee, O Thou who never withholdest.

HOW THE NEW YEAR CAME.

Ethel and Alfred wanted to "watch the Old Year out and the New Year in." Mamma said "No" firmly, and then Aunt Bird pleaded. Mamma finally said they might sit up till nine o'clock, and see how sleepy they were then.

Aunt Bird was only a big girl herself; just the prettiest auntie, too. Ethel's great wish was to look like her, and Alfred admired her very much.

Alfred insisted on wearing his hat, "so I can run out and see the New Year the Minute it comes."

"Auntie Bird," said Ethel, "what makes New Year's? Why wasn't it New year's last Monday instead of tomorrow?"

Really children will ask hard questions. The girl-auntie didn't know, but Mamma whispered in her ear to look in an old scrap book.

Bird was really Bertha, but the name was given when she was a baby because she cooed so sweetly, and it clung to the sweet-voiced girl now. Bird read the page to herself, and then she told the children.

"You know," she said, "the earth goes round the sun, and that takes a year. The moon goes round the earth

and that takes a month. The moon goes round the earth twelve times while the earth is going round the sun once, so there are twelve months in the year.

"Many hundred years ago the people called the Romans named these months January, February, etc. Your birthday comes in February, you know, Ethel."

"Mine is the first day of May," lisped Alfred.

"Yes, dear; auntie won't forget. The Romans were heathen people, and it was long before Christ was born. They called January after one of their gods, whose name was Janus. His image had two faces, one of an old man who looked backward, the other of a young man who looked forward. So they chose the first day of January for New Year's day: the Old Year looking back over the past, the bright New Year looking toward the future.

"The book says that for many years after Christ was born the Christians wouldn't take January for the first month because it was named for a heathen god, but I suppose they decided at last that a name didn't matter much."

Alfred was blinking pretty hard by this time, and though Ethel declared she wasn't sleepy, she "thought she could wait until morning to see that young Janus."

As for the cat, she didn't care what they called it, as long as she could lie in Auntie Bird's lap.—*Our Little Men and Women.*

THE PEDDLER'S PRAYER.

There was a peddler who carried his wares from house to house in Scotland.

One day while upon his errands, he entered a cottage where a noble lady was visiting its inmates. Some conversation ensued, when the lady rather haughtily inquired of the peddler, "What! can you pray?"

"Well," said he, "I ken I can."

Then kneel down at once," she cried "let me hear you." Whereupon the man put his bag off his back, went upon his knees, and at once spoke thus to his God:

"O God, give me grace to need grace.

O God, give me grace to ask for

grace when I am given to feel my need of grace.

"O God give me grace to receive grace when Thou givest the grace I need.

"O God, give me grace to show grace when I have received grace from Thee, whether I get grace shown to me or not."

We commend this prayer to every one who is endeavoring to walk through this world to the glory of God as one of the most practically beautiful expressions of dependence on God ever uttered.

—Selected.

HOW LITTLE WORDS HELPED.

Ralph was painting a picture. Linda stood watching him, holding Patsy, her doll, in her arms. The picture was wonderful to behold, with blues, reds and yellows in plenty to make it bright.

"Suppose you use this color," said Linda, reaching over to take a paint box. Alas! Linda forgot Patsy's dangling arms, that had to go somewhere, and they knocked against the china cup that held water for the painting, and tipped it over.

This ruined the picture as you may suppose.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Linda. "I didn't mean to do that, Ralph, truly, and I'm sorry!"

Ralph felt very angry at first, but when his sister said this, he felt only sorry himself. "but you spoiled my picture if you didn't mean to," he said mournfully.

Here mamma came in, and she hurried to wipe up the water the first thing. She heard what Ralph said.

"I'm sorry," repeated Linda.

"That makes it easier for you to take it pleasantly, Ralph, though it doesn't help the spoiled picture," said mamma.

"Well, I guess it does," said the little boy. "If she had meant to, it would have been worse. I can paint another picture right away."

So there was sunshine again, in spite of the accident.

The light afflictions are for a moment, the weary toils will soon be over, the weeping and the sowing will be past, and the reaping in joy shall come, when the Master shall appear, and crown his people with eternal glory in the everlasting kingdom of our God.